

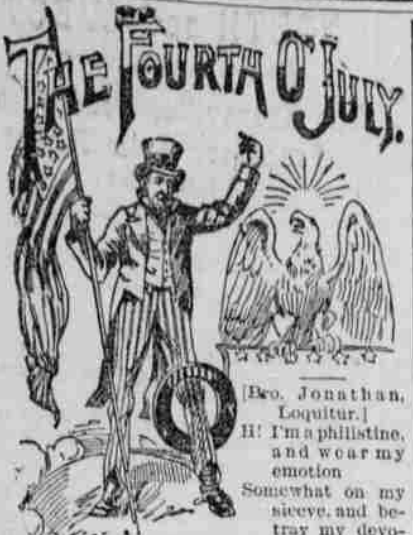
# SAVANNAH COURIER.

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Profusely, no doubt, in a fashion befitting the occasion. With scarce any choice 'twixt a light and a colic. Whenever that banner up there is unfurled, The flag of my country, the bloom of the world! It may be 'bad form,' or 'provincial,' or 'dry.' To wake up the dead on the Fourth of July With rattles and firecrackers, trumpets and drums; But the blood in my veins sort of bubbles and hums. Whenever that banner up there is unfurled, The flag of my country, the bloom of the world! Forbid not the children, the girls and the boys; It's good to be young, and it's good to be old; On the happiest day that comes in the year—The day on which Freedom 'Old Glory' unfurled.

The flag of my country, the bloom of the world! God bless the old fore with fire in his eye And a whoop in his throat for the Fourth of July. I share his delight in a spread-eagle line, And his cock-o'-the-walk sort of patriot jingo Whenever that banner up there is unfurled, The flag of my country, the bloom of the world! It's all very well to be courteous and pleasant, And praise other nations—when strangers are present; But there's no use o' talking, it's in me to say: We can lick all creation and rest half the day. Whenever that banner up there is unfurled, The flag of my country, the bloom of the world! Some folks that we've walloped need more of it yet, To remind 'em of Yorktown, we'll say, or Chalmette, To teach 'em good manners—a thing that they lack. Is it kipping around? Well, I don't take it back. Just now, when the banner up there is unfurled, The flag of my country, the bloom of the world! We keep open house, and we have the same word Of welcome for peasant, or flunkie, or lord; And we'll just as lief lick out a king as a tramp. If he looks like a brute and behaves like a scamp. Whenever that banner up there is unfurled, The flag of my country, the bloom of the world! If aliens don't think that our land is the best, Let 'em take themselves back to their own and be best; Where they'll not have to look demure in the eye. Or see the bird soar on the Fourth of July. What time that old banner up there is unfurled, The flag of my country, the bloom of the world! For as long as time lasts, or while freemen survive, And swarm in our nation like bees in a hive, We'll have our own way, and our way will be right. And a glory by day and a splendor by night, That banner shall lead; it will never be fought. The flag of my country, the bloom of the world! It's queer, but my eyes kind o' fill up with water, And somehow my voice don't sound as clear as it ought to; When I think of the men and the days that are dead. Of the wrongs that were borne and the blood that was shed. For the sake of that banner above us unfurled, The flag of my country, the bloom of the world!

Law! how I despise certain fellows I know, Self-styled cosmopolites, in a show Of universality, looking so wise And half making fun of our Fourth of July; And winking like apes when our banner's unfurled. The flag of my country, the bloom of the world! I'd just like to stamp 'em under my feet, Or give 'em a whaling whenever we meet! What are they fit for under the sun? The thought of a battle would make 'em all run. Desert the old banner that Freedom unfurled, The flag of my country, the bloom of the world! Oh! yes, 'twould be useless for me to deny That I'm kind o' worked up on the Fourth of July. And proud of our record and proud of our fame—Well, yes, I am old; but you bet I'm game. Whenever that banner up there is unfurled, The flag of my country, the bloom of the world! Where's that declaration? Just read it once more. Then wheel out the cannons, and let 'em all roar. For the precious old flag that our heroes have borne In the tempests of battle, when hope was forlorn—That banner of glory by Freedom unfurled, The flag of my country, the bloom of the world! Read at Roseland Park, N. Y., by Maurice Thompson.—N. Y. Independent.

THE FOURTH OF JULY AT JIMTOWN.

THE FOURTH OF JULY AT JIMTOWN. The day was a glorious one. As the first gray streaks of dawn began to nose their way up the eastern horizon, a roar from old man Jamison's army musket awoke the echoes and the denizens of the camp simultaneously, and soon the report of firearms accompanied by lusty yells could be heard on every hand. When the midsummer sun rose in regal splendor over the range to the eastward, his slanting rays lit up a most entrancing scene. The entire population of Jintown and several adjacent camps had assembled on the main street, and a liberal display of flags on every hand lent color to the strange picture. And such flags! In those early days the red shirt was the most conspicuous part of male attire, and every party worn shirt in the diggings and many that had not yet shown a break had been sacrificed to serve as stripes in the roughly constructed emblems of liberty. The demand for the one general store of the camp for muslin of which to form the white stripes and the stars and to be dyed with indigo to serve as fields in which the stars could gleam was great, and the limited stock of that half-white, half-yellow, unbleached material was soon exhausted. Gabe Barker, who as father of the celebration idea felt that the success of the

celebration depended on his individual efforts, determined that a large flag should head the marching column, and his consternation can be imagined when he learned that not another shred of white material could be procured for love or gold dust. It had all been consumed in the manufacture of small individual flags.

But Gabe's bump of ingenuity was not true Yankee growth. There was but one woman in the camp, the wife of a pioneer who had dared the dangers of the plains in the early '50's and crossed from the states behind an ox team with her husband, and toward her cabin Gabe somewhat reluctantly bent his steps. To his embarrassment he found that her husband was absent at work in his claim, for it was through him that he intended to transact the business upon which he came. When told by the wife that the man was absent he contemplated retreat, but a realization of the great responsibilities which rested upon him nerved him to action, and he made known his errand.

He wanted to purchase a couple of her old white skirts to aid in the construction of the glorious stars and stripes.

To his intense delight she expressed her willingness to contribute that much to the cause of liberty. Nay, more, she had in her rag bag an old red flannel petticoat which had performed its mission and been retired, and if Gabe would furnish the thread she would not only contribute the material, but would cut out and make the flag. He muttered something about the spirit of the daughters of the Revolution being yet alive and kicking, and hastened to the store to secure the thread and commend Mrs. Porter's patriotism to all whom he should chance to meet.

The matter of music greatly worried the committee of arrangements. The only musical instruments in the camp were Big Sam's banjo and an old battered brass tuba owned by a man who

had once played in a band back in the states; and although the tuba man volunteered to head the procession and do the very best he could, the committee, after considerable discussion, concluded the music might be rather flat without a drum and as no drum could be secured the procession must march without music. The tuba man was engaged to play a bass accompaniment to Jack Abrams' and the major's opening song, and for several days practiced industriously on "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

The parade was a success in every particular. The absence of music was scarcely observable for the ringing cheers of the merry people as they marched through the town would have drowned the notes of any band of ordinary power. Mrs. Porter, although not so young or handsome as the pictures we see of that noted character, marched at the head of the procession, representing the Goddess of Liberty, dressed in as gorgeous an array of stars and stripes as her limited supply of old skirts could produce. She was escorted royal honors, and marched with the haughty step of a queen.

The first number of the stand programme was announced, and Abrams and the major made a simultaneous bow which they had acquired only after the most careful practice. It took them but a few moments to prepare the tune, and then they broke forth in glad song, closely followed by the mellow notes of the tuba. The reading of the Fourth Reader selection by Pete Craven was very creditable in the light of his introductory statement that it had been several years since he had read anything, even a newspaper.

The band solo was omitted for the reason that while tuning up Big Sam had broken the most important string on the instrument, and there was not another one in the camp.

Then came the event of the day, the oration by Judge Ramsay. That honored and honorable official stepped to the front of the platform in a deliberate manner, ran his left hand into the front of his vest, calmly and impressively surveyed the great audience in silence for a few moments and began:

"Fellow Citizens: Had I the outgushing eloquence of an Apollo, the chain lightning tongue of a Mercury, the win-win grace an innocent unicorn of a Venus standing in quiet ruminations on her alabaster base, I could not sufficiently accord my thanks to the wisely discriminating committee of honored citizens who selected me as the oratorical luminary of this conspicuous occasion. [Applause.] Hence I will repress my gratitude and proceed to my theme."

"The subject around which I shall try to twine the laurel wreaths of eloquence on this conspicuous occasion is one which would rouse the fires of patriotism in the quiverless breast of a marble statue, and cause its usually

cold and silent lips to move in a burst of patriotic fervor. [Applause.] The Day We Celebrate. Gentlemen and ladies, my tongue falters when I contemplate the bottomless immensity of the theme and realize that, with the undying confidence you have ever reposed in me, you have entrusted it to my care. Can I do it justice? [Cries of "Tackle it anyhow, Judge!"]

"Go back with me, Mrs. Porter and gentlemen, to the first original origin of this day. The soil of this now extensively discovered country had never yet felt the passionate kiss of a white man's foot. At the base of Plymouth Rock a band of Infjuns was camped. They arose one mornin', as had been their custom for years, an' prepared for the daily duties of the day. A warrior who had gone to the water's edge to wash his dusky face an' no less dusky hands suddenly disturbed the peaceful echoes with the startlin' cry: 'Sail, ho!'

"Whereaway?" shouted the chief, in great agitation. "Thereaway," he responded, pointing out over the breast of the discontented waves.

"Farout at sea a sail was discovered. Nearer and nearer it drew, risin' an' fallin' on the impatient waves, an' at last neared the shore the natives beheld with awe a lordly man in kindly dress lookin' through a telescope. Lady and gentlemen, that man was Columbus, and he was at that moment engaged in discovering America. The natives drew back in timid alarm as the vessel approached an' ground her prow into the sandy shore, and a moment later Columbus stepped ashore an' claimed this glorious land an' planted in the sacred soil the great flag of freedom an' liberty, a counterpart of which is now aloftin' over us, thanks to the patriotic spirit of our beloved goddess, Mrs. Porter. [Wild applause.] That, fellow citizens, was the Fourth day of July, an' ever since that day has been one of rejoicin' over that fortunate discovery. Oh, fellow citizens—"

"Begin the speaker's parlor," said Gabe Barker, who had gone down in the audience where he could better hear the judge, "but aren't you a little mixed in yer dates, yer honor? We do not celebrate the discovery of America to-day, but the birth of the immortal Washington. We are here—"

"The court will not permit itself to be interrupted. It knows 'at it's talkin' about, an' if the erudite-erudite gentleman from Philadelphia is gropin' in blind ignorance, he should endeavor to suppress the fact an' set still an' try to learn somethin'."

"The gentleman from the cradle o' liberty is endeavorin' to throw some light on official ignorance. I tell you, sir, we celebrate the birth of George Washington an' not the landin' of Columbus an' the Pilgrim fathers. I know, for my father fit under Washington."

"An' the court knows that the liberty bell doesn't know 'at it's talkin' about," the judge retorted. "We celebrate the discovery of America. Ain't I right, Big Sam?"

Big Sam said he really didn't know, but he thought a judge ought to know more than a common miner. "Of course he should," the judge continued, "an' if the offspring from a dug-out cradle interrupts me ag'in I'll jump down there an' teach him a lesson in parlor."

"The one-hoss judge of a half-hoss court can't teach me nothin'. If he comes down here I'll beat a hole in the ground with him."

The judge's coat came off like a flash, and he bounded from the platform. Gabe was waiting for him, and the two men came together like infuriated bulls. The excited crowd surged around the combatants with eager interest, some encouraging the cause of liberty, while others urged the judicial light to greater efforts in defense of the honors he had accorded to Columbus. On and on they fought, kicking, biting, wrestling, striking, until at last the Philadelphia bore the judge to earth and jumped on his prostrate form with both feet. Then the bystanders intervened, and the defeated man, more dead than alive, was picked up in an unconscious condition and borne to his cabin.

While the dance was at its height that evening a sympathetic group stood around the rude bunk on which rested the demoralized form of the judge. Opening his swollen eyes the injured man faintly said:

"Boys, I reckon I got licked." "Got it piled onto you in purty fair shape, judge," one of his friends replied. "I deserved it, boys, for bein' so durned forgetful. My memory ain't panned out much good dust as I git older."

## A SECRET OF MANAGEMENT

An Eye on the Road and a Light Touch on the Bit.

Management, when recognized by those on whom it is exerted, whether children or their elders, is usually resented as an indignity. Nobody likes being managed. The secret of management is not known to all, but those who have learned it from the good families who preside over domestic tranquility have attained brevet rank among the fortunate of this world.

A secret it is, yet an open one, which she who wishes may make her own. The good manager keeps her servants for months, leads everything to her will, and still is seldom accused of despotism, and seldom suffers from the humiliation of defeat or the inconvenience of ill-considered arrangements.

Such a woman is business-like and practical. She knows her resources and acknowledges her limitations. She studies the disposition of her husband and children, and wins rather than drives. There is everything in taking people at the right moment, and in suggesting an arrangement instead of ordering an arbitrary change of base. "My cousin Cornelia," said a lady, "always has her own way, without ever seeming to want it. Jabez, her husband, constantly proposes things in a masterful fashion, which he imagines first occurred to his own brain. The truth being that he is merely carrying out what Cornelia determined upon before the good man had so much as had a glimpse of the situation."

A secret of successful management in the home campaign is briefly stated in a sentence: "Keep your temper, and do not antagonize anyone." "I am leaving home for a week," another observed, "and I have given Phyllis charge of the house, her father, and the boy."

"But Dorothy is the older daughter, is she not?" was the inquiry of the person addressed. "Yes, Dorothy is the older, but not the wiser, in this particular instance," said the mother. "Dorothy never reconciles. She asserts, and endeavors to enforce her wishes; the result is strife and bitterness. Phyllis is gentle and patient. She yields in minor matters, and only makes a stand where something worth struggling for is involved. I go away with a light heart when it is a question of dropping my cares into the hands of Phyllis."

In the control of the kitchen cabinet the sensible mistress gives the cook and the laundress credit for their good intentions, even when their performances are not entirely satisfactory. If she must reprove, she takes an opportunity when she can do so pleasantly. She summons the culprit to her presence, instead of standing at one end of a kitchen table, with Bridget on the defensive at the other. In her own room, and seated in her own easy chair, she possesses an advantage which greatly assists her if she is obliged to find fault.

Management implies no deceit. The good manager may be sincerely itself. She simply knows how to handle the reins; she has an eye on the road, and a light touch on the bit.—Harpers Bazar.

## HE RAISED THE FINE.

That Is, He Raised the Money with the Aid of a Bear.

A man from Troy told this story the other day to a small company of friends about a police justice in a little town in Rensselaer county: It was the law of the village that all showmen, itinerants and organ grinders must get a license before doing business there. One day a fat policeman, who had been on the force about six months without doing anything, concluded it was time he arrested somebody. Soon afterward along came an Italian with a performing bear.

"Hey yez got yer license?" asked the policeman. "No," said the exhibitor of the bear. "Then yer m'd pris'ner," said the policeman, and he triumphantly marched off with them to the village station-house, he leading the Italian and the Italian leading the bear.

Arraigned before the police justice the Italian pleaded guilty and the judge officially gave him a most severe and scorching lecture on the enormity of his offense, ending by fining him ten dollars, the full extent of the law. The culprit had a lot of small change in his pocket, but being mostly pennies and nickels it only counted up seven dollars and sixty-five cents. For a few moments the judge was in a quandary. He didn't want to send the fellow to jail, nor yet lose the ten dollars. Presently a bright idea struck him—a happy solution of the problem—and he said: "Here, officer! Take this fellow out to the market place and let him perform with his bear until he makes up the balance, and when he gets it drive him out of town."—Buffalo News.

## SHIRT WAISTERS.

How Charming and Inexpensive Substitutes May Be Made.

Here is the experience of a woman in the matter of shirt waists, which she says she can not afford and of which she owns but one, to do duty in traveling. "I make loose waists," she says, "of white wash silk. They are easily made by the merest tyro in dressmaking—simply cut a little fullness on the front of a fitted waist. I shir the loose fronts and backs into a soft, full neckband for a high collar, make wide, full, loose sleeves, gathered at the wrists into the same sort of frill, and hold the fullness around the waist into a band. On a very hot morning I wear these with no jacket, but they can be used with a jacket. Eton and water jackets, or the double-breasted shirt waists now so much worn. I have four of them, and I launder them myself in my own room in the summer boarding-house as easily as I could wash a pocket handkerchief. The whole cost of the four is not that of the first cost of two good shirt waists, and I do not have the laundry bills that those stylish but immaculate waists demand. And my houses are very much cooler."—Boston Traveller.

## PITH AND POINT.

—The things that go without saying must have escaped feminine attention. —Puck.

—Put a pig in a parlor and it would immediately begin to look for mud.—Ram's Horn.

—Just think, captain, the major has actually married a rich old maid. —"Obviously he wanted to have his golden wedding at once."—Flegende Blatter.

—Look here, Stagers, I don't believe you can look an honest man in the face. "Well, I won't deny it until I'm brought face to face with one."—Inter-Ocean.

—What do nautical people mean by tacking?" said one girl to another. "Don't you know that?" "Not exactly." "Why, teaching—er—tacking is sailing on the bias."—Life.

—Some superstitious people claim that if a dog howls, death is sure to follow. It depends, one would say, a good deal on the kind of a rap one gets at the dog.—Harlem Life.

—Mistress—"Bridget, here's a letter for you from the dead-letter office." Bridget (excitedly)—"It's me old mother, I know! She's been ailin' for a long time. Oh, worra! worra! worra!"—Puck.

—"De great trouble 'bout conversation," remarked Uncle Eben, "an' at hit's impossible ter show ez much 'gally in talkin' 'bout de weddah ez yoll kin talkin' 'bout yoll neighbors."—Washington Star.

—A man who can run a furnace in the spring of the year so that his house will not be either too hot or too cold, is a son of genius and the salt of the earth, and could run the United States government with perfect ease.—Boston Globe.

—"Lover (quoting Shakespeare)—"Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee. And when I love thee not—Modern Sweetheart (firmly)—"And when you love not, Timothy, it will cost you somewhere about five hundred pounds damages."—Tit-Bits.

—She—"How is it you were not at Westend's reception?" He—"I stayed away on account of a personal matter." She—"May I ask what it was?" He—"Will you promise to keep it a secret?" She—"Yes." He—"Well, they failed to send me an invitation."—London Chaff.

—Roscius—"What sort of an actor is Buskin?" Stager—"Oh, he's well enough in his line. He's all right in 'Hamlet,' 'Richard the Third,' and things of that sort; but when it comes to genuine farce comedy, he's nowhere. He will never become what is called a great actor."—Boston Transcript.

—Mrs. Numan—"I think I'd better discharge our nurse. I'm afraid she has decided me about having had the care of children." Mr. Numan—"Doesn't she take good care of baby?" Mrs. Numan—"Yes, but I notice that she isn't acquainted with half the policemen in the park."—Inter-Ocean.

—"No," said Ethel, "I'm afraid I shall never see Harold again." "Why? Have you offended him?" "Yes. I was giving him a nice sisterly talk, and said that I was afraid he was leading an aimless existence." "Did he get angry?" "Yes. You see, he has the reputation of being the worst shot in the National guard."—Washington Star.

Life would be simplified in some of its aspects if the same thing were always called by the same name. Such is not the case, however, and perhaps it is better so. If there were no mysteries and surprises, the world would be less interesting.

Col. Philip Lee was passing through South Carolina thirty odd years ago—it was in "war-time"—when he accosted an old negro with the question: "I say, nule, are there any Hugenots about here?" The colored man looked surprised, and answered the question by another: "Well, I declare, where be yon-uns from?" "From 'way up in old Kentucky," said Col. Lee.

"Well, I thought so. Why, in Tennessee they call 'em peanons, in Georgia they call 'em grobers, in Alabama they is penders, here in South Carolina we call 'em groan peas, and now you fellows 'way off dere in Kentucky call 'em hugenots. Well, I'd declare!"—Youth's Companion.

## DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Graham Griddle Cakes: Three cups of sifted Graham, and one of white flour, one teaspoon of baking powder sifted through the flour, three well-beaten eggs, a pinch of salt, and sweet milk to make a thin batter.—House-keeper.

—Sponge Cake: In making sponge cake try one cup of sugar beaten with two eggs, four tablespoonsful of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, with a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda sifted through it. Very good, quickly made, and good for layer cake.—Christian Inquirer.

—Hickorynut Macaroons: The whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth; add twenty teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar, and beat thoroughly. Then add one pint of hickorynut kernels chopped fine. Drop small portions with a teaspoon on buttered tins, and bake in a moderate oven until they are a light brown.—Home.

—Sweetcut of Dried Beans: For the beans, use either Limas or common white or colored ones. Wash and soak over night. In the morning drain and put on to parboil in cold water with a little cooking soda. When it comes to a boil, add four cups of water with a teaspoonful of brown sugar and boil. Then add slices of fat pork and cook until tender. Use either canned or dried corn; if the latter, soak and cook while the beans are cooking.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Sifted Eggs: A pretty and very agreeable dish of eggs is made by cutting hard-boiled eggs in slices or quarters and serving them hot in a cream sauce. This is satisfied by separating the whites and yolks, cutting the whites in rings or quarters and arranging on a platter, then pouring the hot sauce over and sifting the yolks through a coarse strainer in a golden shower over the whole. The dish should be placed over boiling water in preparation to serve hot. Garnish with cream or sauce. Garnish with nasturtium leaves.—Country Gentleman.

—Cheap Sponge Cake: Three eggs, two tablespoonsful of water and a teaspoonful of sugar, mixed together. One and a half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder and a pinch of salt, stirred in quickly. Season with a teaspoonful of vanilla or juice of half a lemon. Bake in three jelly pans in a quick oven. For the filling grate two good-sized apples, add the grated peel and juice of one lemon, one well-beaten egg, and sugar to taste. Boil five minutes and spread between the layers. This is very good if eaten fresh.—Boston Budget.

## SUMMER DRESSING.

An Inexpensive Solution of at Least One Feature of the Problem.

"I have found," said a woman recently, "that the problem of summer dressing was satisfactorily solved since I have established a series of India silk dresses. I began two years ago with a handsome one dressily made; last summer I got a second of good quality, but different design, and made more plainly, and this summer I am supplementing the two with a cheaper one for morning and general wear. From now on I shall not need another cheap one, the good one will fall far below the price of their high estate of 'best' through 'second best' and down to 'common.' In these days of fancy blouses and bodices, one or two light dressy affairs of that sort give me an elaborate wardrobe that is delightfully cool, is in good taste, and, best of all, at summer resorts needs no laundering. My best light gown is a white one of silk. No one admires the lovely laces, flounces, and ruffles more than I, but they are very expensive, because they must be fresh to be wearable, and the cost of keeping them in that condition is, as everyone who tries it knows, very much in excess of the first price of the gown."—Boston Traveller.

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## BATH MATS.

They are such great conveniences and so inexpensive, that one or two of the cozy floor coverings may be in every home. You make them out of Turkish toweling. This washes well for one thing, and then it is soft and warm for the feet. If you have on hand a stock of well-worn Turkish towels, utilize them for the making of your bath mats. Should the towels be soiled or worn, all that is needed is to sew a couple of them together, forming one great, square mat. If the towels are underized, it is better to buy the goods by the yard and make it up into any size, shape or thickness you desire. Just keep several of these bath mats on hand, and see how nicely they will come in after a tanning. If the bathroom is carpeted, they will be quite handy in protecting it from water, while, if oilcloth or matting is the floor covering, you may step out of your bath upon the Turkish toweling mats and enjoy them thoroughly.—Globe Days.